Volume 3 Chicago, Illinois, July, 1926 Number 4

The Liberal

FROM WORDSWORTH

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her;
'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of
this our life, to lead
From joy to joy.

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume 3 Chicago, Illinois, July, 1926 Number 4

"WHAT ABOUT PROHIBITION?"

An Extemporaneous Sermon By Dr. Bradley. Delivered in The Peoples Church, Sunday Morning, June 6, 1926. Stenographically Reported.

When I awakened this morning and looked out of our sleeping-room window to see the rain falling I thought it was rather indicative that it should happen on the Sunday morning that I was going to talk about Prohibition.

For the first time since we have experienced Prohibition in America I have felt that I would speak from this pulpit upon the theme. I have not spoken upon it directly before as a subject because I was still an observer—and as far as that is concerned, I am yet, and probably will remain so for years to come. As an observer I felt that I had little of any value whatever to say upon this subject.

I have always felt that one who has the great responsibility of speaking to vast numbers of people upon any subject has no right whatsoever to face that opportunity with any evidence of poor equipment. I have purposely avoided discussing this subject simply because—and I am very frank to say this—in my own mind I am far from being settled on the entire proposition, and it is far from being settled this morning . And the presumption which I have in bringing a discussion of this subject in that mental condition is only because I would like if possible, to get a viewpoint or an angle of attitude in this whole matter that will enable us to think more clearly and more definitely about this whole problem.

Consequently, I am not going to be dogmatic this morning. I hope I am never dogmatic, and certainly not in a discussion of a theme like this that is so controversial. I do not suppose that there is any subject that one could talk about these days that is more controversial than this subject of prohibition. Why, I suppose if I were to take a poll of this audience this morning on this subject it would represent a wide diversity of opinion. There would be those who vociferously and without any equivocation or reticence would say immediately "I am against prohibition." There are others sitting in the next seat who would say "I think prohibition is the greatest blessing that has ever happened in America." Then there would be the modifier. There would be those who feel it has no place in the Constitution. There would be those who introduce the argument of the re-birth of the old doctrine of State's rights in connection with the problem. We are all of us in this audience today representative of the American people as a whole. Every viewpoint upon this subject could be found in this church this morning, and likewise in the vast audience that is listening but invisible.

My first desire in this discussion is to maintain throughout a sense of fairness. Sometimes when I look abroad today in America and I see so much heat manifested in the form of arguments upon all questions, I am just wondering if what we do not need just now is not more heat but more light.

There is plenty of heat in the world, my friends, and there is plenty of heat in this prohibition matter. What I am interested in now is not more heat, but more light.

I think it is much more important just now, as we try to dis-

cuss this question, that we do not give any evidence that we are viciously intemperate in an effort to establish the truth of temperance.

I have known men who were so dogmatic in their prohibitions that their dogmatism was very gross evidence of an intemperance. I am not so sure but that one form of intemperance is just about as bad as another. I am not so sure but that an intemperance of speech, an intemperance in eating, an intemperance of a mental attitude has a direct relationship established with the whole philosophy of intemperance in every other sphere.

I have no ultimate convictions to give you this morning. And you may say to me that is an evidence of weakness, if you choose. But I am going to state a position that represents my best thought and my best information up until this moment.

In the first place, in the discussion of this subject, as of all subjects, it is quite necessary for us to anticipate that which the logician calls in argumentation a speculation of wrongness; that is, he must make allowance in his whole viewpoint for the principle that there is a possibility of his being wrong.

When I look about the world today and find arguments, I assure you that I see very little evidence in the discussion of this question from either side that they might be wrong. The rabid prohibitionist, the fanatical type of reformer, the man who has anchored to legislation as the medium by which can be corrected the defects of judgment and the abnormality of appetite and stimulae, is just as certain upon one side that his way is the only way; and upon the other side, likewise the rabid anti-prohibitionist who has anchored to a philosophy of individual and personal liberty, which, of course, is philosophically correct, theoretically true; practically and pragmatically impossible.

George Bernard Shaw in making a tribute to Christianity said this: That Christianity would work in the world only when every man was a Christ.

That is a very startling and a very illuminating statement.

The idea of personal liberty as it is handled loosely on the lips of untutored minds, who are unfamiliar with the philosophical evolution of human thought and the evolution of social ideals in civilization, who is most vociferous in his viewpoint of personal liberty, will utter a principle that will only operate in human society when every individual that composes that society dwells upon a plane of ethical relationships that are certainly nothing that civilization has ever yet produced. Philosophic anarchy as a theory of philosophical speculation is true.

The Golden Rule of Jesus is the highest expression of philosophical anarchy the world has ever known.

"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,"—would rescind and abrogate the need of all law and of all government.

If human society was so constituted that every individual did to every other individual exactly as they would like the individual to do to them, you have solved the problem of society.

Now every student can see in this matter how important it is for us not to think loosely upon this entire subject, for the relationship which exists between individuals in an association which is called society is a relationship which is governed by certain definite social laws.

Personal liberty is a misnomer. There isn't any such thing as personal liberty wherever you have society; and there is no such thing as personal liberty in the realm of moral relationships when the violators of those moral laws involved are our neighbors, our friends, or any of the members of human society.

We have, my friends, woven through our hearts the golden

thread of social life which makes each of us not czars, not sovereigns, but co-workers together. There the ideal of civil and political anarchy is only an ideal which in the brain of the theorist seems very practical; so, in the realm of moral idealism we have responsibilities which are social. To me the biggest aspect of this entire problem is the social aspect.

Now I do not think that there is any person in America, that has very much to say in argumentation for the necessity of that which when put into our stomachs, as Shakespeare said, "steals away our brains." I do not think that there is very much argument about that. I think that our contemporary American life has fairly definitely made up its mind that the vicious social influence which I grew up with as a boy and young man and early manhood, called the American saloon, which was the center of all the viciousness and all of the corruption, and which, to a very large extent, a social institution, is directly responsible for the present prohibition because of its management, is not worth bringing back. I am not looking at this problem this morning from a personal standpoint at all, nor from a sentimental standpoint. I am trying to look at it from a scientific, philosophic, economic and social standpoint. My habits or yours in a discussion of this character are of no importance.

Now understand that in the way I say it, and do not misunderstand it. I shall come to it again before I am through.

We are now looking at a problem with a detached relationship, no matter what our individual reactions might be, either our philosophical idea of personal liberty or our philosophy of State's rights or our feeling that it is against the Constitution or whatever it is. Let us look at things clearly in a detached way.

This matter was superinduced in its social action because of the detection that a deterioration of human society was taking place. I remember when the prohibition unit was a little village, then it was increased to the township, and then to the county. I remember when the first two counties in the State of Michigan, my home state, went dry. I remembered for years and years how Van Buren County stood out in the life of the State of Michigan as a county which was dry. I saw gradually the map of my State become dry . The next step was a national proposition. It rather wearies me in these days to hear the argument advanced that this matter is something that was put over the American people when the voting strength was absent from America and was in Europe fighting a war. The fact of the matter is that forty-two States of this Union had settled this matter as a State issue before it ever became a national proposition. When the matter was settled as a State issue the voters were not in Europe fighting a war, but were at home and voted on the issue. There were forty-two States of America that had decided the proposition as a state proposition before the Constitutional amendment was made; and, obviously, of course, before the passing of the Volstead Act. So there are arguments in connection with this subject that are not tenable at all.

What happened in America?—(rehearsing the history momentarily for you). We find the American people on the dry issue when it was a war measure were told that it had an economic aspect. You will remember that it was regularly spoken of as a conservation measure to save grain. And many of the arguments that we ought to know about prohibition have been discarded entirely, for you and I know in our fighting a war it was necessary that we conserve all the potentiality of the natural resources of America that it was possible for us to conserve, and that idea of conservation of

grain crept into the question of whisky in the distillation of whisky. We know what happened. The rest is history. And here are the interesting observations: Until 1920 there was a gradual ascendency of all of the good things that we were told would result to the American people if prohibition became a national measure.

I am trying to think my way carefully through this whole problem. I want to be fair to every man and woman in this audience who feels that prohibition is a failure and fair to every man and woman who feels that prohibition is not a failure, and in the statement of my own position with which I will close, thus far. Now I reserve the right—a right which I have always reserved, to change my mind. Since I have been in this pulpit I have changed my mind many times. And when I get out some of my old sermons that I preached way back in 1915, 1916, 1914, 1913, and read some of those sermons I can only say to you, my beloved church, that you are a brave and courageous lot of people! Because I certainly have reorganized myself in many respects. I reserve the right to change my mind upon this matter as well.

In the first place my mind is not definitely made up. It is made up on two or three things, and it might be well for me to get them out of the way. All the sorrow and all the trouble and all the worry and all the heartaches and all the failures and all the sin that have ever come into my life and that have ever saddened my heart and have prevented the highest fruition of the nobility of fine ideals, somewhere associated with it can be traced to some intemperance. I think that can be said of 99 per cent of all the people in the world who fail in the battle of life.

What is the use, my friends, of ignoring this truth, that the best thing in the world to do with alcohol in any of its forms is to leave it alone.

Now, my mind is made up to that. And I think that every thinking person who does not want to be dogmatic and does not want to be this or that would say that same thing. If I would begin to rehearse for you the tragedies that I know; if I could open my lips and tell you the tragedies that I have seen in homes and families in these years that I have been laboring in this church, the stumbling and the falling and the failing—why, I am carrying in my heart now the tragedy of an individual that has had as bright a future in this city as any man I ever knew. It is gone; all gone. And if he ever re-establishes himself it will have to be done in a far away place.

There is no use, no matter what we think about prohibition, no matter what we think about prohibition as individuals, and no matter what our personal habits might happen to be, in this connection there is only one thing, my friends that is final. The safe way and the best way is to leave alcohol alone. I cannot see where there is any argument any other way.

I say to you, my friends, that no matter what we think about laws, no matter what we think about prohibition, no matter how we feel about our personal rights being impaired, no matter whether you feel you can drink or leave it alone, no matter if you have been a drinker all your life and never have been intoxicated, no matter if you can play with this thing and feel the supremacy of your own manhood, your own strength and your own power, there is something about it so vicious; there is a psychological relationship between the will and artificial stimulus that there is not a man or woman on earth that will not do things under its stimulus that he would fight with his body and soul when his brain and his will were his own.

You can find, my friends, the tragedies strewn everywhere.

Well, now, of course, all this is not argumentation. The question resolves itself, as we watch

that ascending scale leading up in 1920 when we see the benefits. The technique for defeating the law had not developed. There were not as many masters of the art of making liquor themselves and consequently, after the first passage of this law in 1920, there was a steady ascendency of good results. In 1920 the technique of defeating the law, together with the collapse of certain law enforcing branches of the government commissioned with this task and together with the attitude of certain acts of the States of the Union, making increasingly difficult the task of enforcing the law. The first thing is that it is always associated with the question of crime. The first argument which I hear, and how I have heard them. I have had my ears filled all winter long, whenever I have been traveling with this prohibition problem. Everywhere I go there is the prohibition argument. How they settle it on the train. I came down from Duluth, Minn., this week, and my whole evening that I wanted to spend reading a book was spent with two or three men getting into a prohibition argument.

Now then, the question of crime is always associated with the question of prohibition. They always talk about crime. All the crime we have is laid to prohibition. Just as the folks who are in favor of prohibition told us after prohibition came to America all the jails and all the alms houses and all the charitable institutions and all the insane asylums would close up. We would have no more need for any of these institutions. All we had to do to make a better and stronger human society was to banish alcohol as a legal proposition.

We know both sides were wrong, just as we know one side is wrong today. You have only to analyze the thing called society to discover that. In the first place there are influences related to this situation that are entirely unique in the whole history of social ethics. There are fifteen million automobile owners in the United States today. Fifteen million automobile owners that have increased by the very psychic reactions of movement and freedom and individuality which comes from being master of your own car; a relationship to the morale that one does not have to leave the city of Chicago to find an argument in substantiation.

Now you know that as well as I do. And the next thing connected with it is the fact that there are psychic forces that are due to definite reactions of the past twenty years. And when we come to this matter of crime you must treat it from the sociologic and scientific standpoint. There are relationships to the present collapse of respect of law that are directly, psychologically influencing the attitude of men and women, and particularly young people in this matter of crime. But you can no more put your finger on prohibition and make prohibition responsible alone for that situation than you could say that before it came in you would close up the jails and the alms-houses and insane institutions of America.

The most intricate and complicated situation in the world is the social situation. You are dealing with individual propensities related to social institutions. We in America have been fed from childhood on the food of "liberty," and we rebel against anyone telling us anything that we must do or cannot do.

Why, I see that manifested every day of my life in the courtesy of automobile drivers. I see it when I try to cross Sheridan Road where there is no stoplight. I see it when I try to cross Sheridan, Broadway and Clarendon; sometimes I get about two feet from the curb, hold up my hands for the next twenty-five minutes yet if something does not happen they go sailing by. No courtesy whatsoever. I suppose about ninety-nine per cent of this audience drive automobiles, but that does not make any difference. You

may be all right out of your automobile. But the biggest thing the automobilist ought to learn when they are in them is the old fashioned virtue called "consideration" for someone else. I have noticed that some of the very people that talk so much about personal liberty being taken away from them in this prohibition business are the very people who when they get in their automobiles have the least concern for anyone else's liberty.

Now, that is what I mean, my friends, and I only use it as an illustration, and I hope effectively, when I speak of the relationship of the social problem. You see we are individual units dealing with society; and we make society. When someone come to us and says "you can't do a thing" in a spirit of bravado we like to say we can.

The brakeman on the Northwestern train I came in on the other day got in the prohibition argument in the back end of the train, and here is his contribution. He said "I know a man that for twenty years never took a drink in his life until after prohibition came in." And I looked at him and I said "What does that mean?" "Why" he said "that is an argument against it." And I said "My dear friend, all I can say to you is that he was a pretty poor sort of a man." Any man that will go for twenty years without drinking and then take to it because it is against the law is a man that is not making any contribution whatever to human society and is just as valuable off the earth as on it.

That is what I mean by that argument that we frequently hear. I expect that has a little bit to do with the attitude of these youngsters of ours in this "flask" business. Just the idea that they tell us we can't! And because they tell us we can't, we will! And the best part of it all is that it does not last. Sometimes when I get excited about the flask business of the modern day with the automobile, I sometimes wonder just what the situation might be if it were as free as it was. I wonder if there would be any flasks or not? The flask is not new. In the old days they were just plain, simple pint bottles with a cork. And I have seen lots of them. The flask is not new!

From 1920 down until today we find all of these reactions, we find crime and trouble. Look around the city. Ninety unsolved murders. The relationship to bootleggers? Well, you know that is not worrying me so much. I am just hoping they will kill each other off. I do not get excited about that at all. Sometimes I think that is about the safest course, it will certainly save you taxpayers a lot of money, if they just kill each other off. What good are they, anyway?

It is a social proposition, my friends. Social. Until I have come to this conclusion thus far, that if the United States government has at last, and if you as the American people have at last come to a proposition that is too big for you and you admit that you have a constitutional amendment that you cannot enforce and that you have a Volstead Act that you cannot enforce; that you have hold of a proposition that is too big for you, America, there is only one thing to do, repeal the whole business. If you cannot enforce this law, and you cannot cultivate respect, there must be some other way to solve a problem that is so vicious in its reaction on human society.

Now you say we have murders. Why not repeal the murder law? There is no analogy between the two whatever. One has fundamentally to do with direct violence of action on the part of another in taking a human life; and the other has to do with an appetite and a lack of will power which may lead ultimately, and it frequently does, to murder, but which, more than that, enters biologically into the corruption of the race.

I do not think there is any use for us to be deceiving ourselves about this proposition at all. Personally I do not think that ten years or twenty-five years, or fifty years are enough years, with so revolutionary and radical departure, with a people that has been schooled in certain principles of liberty, for anything as revolutionary as the prohibition measure of America, to say whether it has failed or not or whether it cannot be enforced.

You cannot look for an ideal condition exisiting over a period of a few years with an institution that has two direct factors. The first, it is a fact that it is as old as civilization, stimulating the body by artificial means of fermentation. That is as old as civilization. You are dealing first with a biological problem. And you are dealing with a social problem. And I say to you frankly as my honest opinion that the colossal mistake at the first was to even intimate that the law so revolutionary could be enforced, without divorcing the enforcement aspect from all of its political relationships.

Justice today is being meted out to the offenders of the law on the part of the Federal Judges to a greater extent than on the part of any of the other courts. And why? Because the Federal Judge does not have to go to the people for votes. The moment you associate together the enforcement of so radical a law as this with political relationships, you are facing a serious condition. And that is exactly where we are today. If the whole enforcement aspect could be taken out of its political relations and every man be separate and distinct from any suffrage on the part of the people, there are those who would say "Yes, but that is only another Fascisti, that would call for another Mussolini, that would be violation of American traditions."

My friends, the conclusion of the whole matter, as I see it thus far, is simply this. I read the headlines of a Chicago paper a few hours ago when the special grand jury came in. That headline said, "Grand Jury blames the Public." No matter what our individual opinion may be of the report of that grand jury, that headline was true. The reason there are beer gangsters, the reason there are bootleggers is because of only one thing: They have customers. And when the public is censured, it is a justified censure. We who sometimes criticize the law and criticize the government, what are we doing as individuals to help the situation? It is an hour of personal examination, one which has worried me deeply. The surest way to have the country right is for the people who compose the country to be right themselves.

The surest way to solve this problem is for you and for me to first solve it for ourselves.

I have about come to the conclusion that the individual who does not take that attitude becomes a co-partner with the crime of my city.

Let us get right ourselves on this matter. Are we not strong enough to do so? No matter what we have done and no matter what we have been, are we not strong enough to do so?

And in the last analysis, I believe as much as I believe I am standing here, that there is one thing that will do more than law, there is one thing that will do more than force, there is one thing that will do more than punishment; I am not so sure that we will ever solve the problem by law; I do not think that a police force can ever make a dry city; I am not so sure that we can enforce these problems by law. The rapidity with which we were becoming prohibitionists in practice in the years before we even saw the death of the saloon was through the principle of education.

Do you know who were making more prohibitionists than all the laws were making? Industry, the corporations of America. Whereever there was a demand for

skill, fingers that did not tremble, surgeons that held the destiny of your loved ones in their hands. You did not trust the man with blurred eyes and trembling lips, did you?

And when I get on the train at night, as I do so many times, and just before I go into unconsciousness and the joy of sleep and I hear those wheels and the rumbling of the train, why, I thank God, my hands, my heart, my life are in the hands of a man up there at that throttle whose eyes are clear, and that the track examiner who examined the track and the switchmen all along the way were sober men. The railroads of America were making prohibitionists in America without any law. Decency, education. If we could keep up our campaign of education in the text-books of our schools, if we could make it a part of our education in our schools as soon as children begin the subject of physiology and show them what over-indulgence in eating and intemperance in drinking will do, and their relationship to the will.

I am not one willing to admit that America has yet a problem too big for it.

Someone asked me and wanted to know what about the referendum. In a word, let me say this. I have declared myself in favor of a referendum. I would like to see the United States of America as a nation vote Yes or No upon this proposition, if it is early enough. If it is not too early in the judgment of the social scientists, then let us have a referendum, and if that referendum overwhelmingly says that prohibition is a failure in America, then let us scientifically as economist and sociologists and as members of society try, through some process of education and of inspiration keep growing better. We do not need to lose our souls. Our young people, wrecked and ruined sometimes, in body and soul, and as they tread the pathway of remorse through the years, beating their breasts of shame, they cry: "Oh, if I only had not done that."

Let us train every power for cultivating the will, the decent attitude, the fine constructive attitude; let us do our best to make our country fair and beautiful; and, above all else, let us not be so foolish—law or no law—as to kill our souls and ruin our future by admitting that appetite is stronger than will and that passion is a bigger thing than love.

BOOK CHATS

One always feels a little sense of satisfaction when one discovers an echo of his own ideas being voiced by one who is recognized as a great author and writer. You may remember that over a year ago I wrote some very harsh words in Book Chats about reading in the open. I questioned its value, impugned its sincerity and generally condemned it. I was highly gratified to read in the Boston Transcript a few days ago an interview with Frank Swinnerton. Mr. Swimmerton had similar and even more vitriolic things to say about reading in the out-of-doors.

Last evening at dinner we were discussing the perfection of the day just about to close. It had been an ideal Lake Vermilion day. There had been a deep azure sky in which lingered clouds of billowy beauty. We were well aware by the dinner hour that we were to have a sunset of riotous color and a twilight of lingering peacefulness. I have a favorite spot on our pine-clad island where I usually go to watch the incomparable sunsets which are indescribably colorful in the northwoods country. Here we have placed a seat of rustic charm and comfort. An old white pine is

growing miraculously on the top of the immense greenrock surface. Seated here I can look across the tremulous waters of lovely Lake Vermilion. The main boat route passes only a few hundred feet away. For two centuries it has been the well travelled highway of the Indians on their way to Rainy Lake, St. Croix and Lake-of-the-woods. Now it is mostly used by tugs towing logs for avaricious lumber concerns. Motor boats of all kinds can be seen going back and forth on our fifty seven miles of cruising water. Yet with all this intrusion it is almost a daily occurence to see an Indian family with their inevitable dog, paddling by in their birch-bark canoe. The Indians know where the blueberries and the wild rice grow in most abundance. It will not be long now before they will be stopping at our dock (bartering) with racial characteristic to get the highest price for their berries.

Last evening I went out to this favorite nook after the evening meal and took a book I was exceedingly interested in finishing. I watched the sunset coloring deepen with the setting sun and the after glow linger with unusual duration.

The pageantry of the sun's good-night soon passed away and I had fully an hour in which there would be sufficient reading light. My book was "The Autobiography of An Idea" by Louis Sullivan. A book of superb diction clothing a purposeful content. I was gladdened to read recently that this book is being used by the English classes in some of our best universities. It is the dynamic utterance of a man's career. I never met Louis Sullivan but once and that was at the Cliff Dwellers Club in Chicago the day Sinclair Lewis was being entertained. This book at that time had not been written and I little realized that in my conversation then I was talking with a man who was to give the world a truly great book. Mr. Sullivan impressed me greatly. He was an architect by profession and like all great architects was a poet by nature. I well remember his outline to me of the building we ought to build for our church. He dreamed of expressing the ideals of the church in a structure of surpassing significance. But his plan would call for the expenditure of more than a million and a half of dollars. We have tried in our new building to do the best we could with the space and money at our disposal and I am certain none can say we have failed.

Seated there in the rapture of a faultless out of door setting I tried to read this man's book. I had read only a few sentences when the call of a loon—one of the most wierd and doleful sounds in the whole realm of nature—came from across the lake. Its lonely cry was a serious tho not unwelcome interruption.

Its immediate affect was to carry my thoughts away from the printed page to other times and places where as a boy I used to hear the same plaintive wail along the shores of Loon Lake that I knew so intimately. Then memory stirred and I was thinking of other scenes away back yonder in the long ago. These thoughts were broken by one of our little chipmunks who had jumped upon my shoulder from the back of the bench without an invitation. The chipmunk is a true humorist. For years here on Black Duck Island we have cultivated their friendship and confidence. We have been richly rewarded by their insuppressible antics. I have had as many as four follow me from the house to my study which is a small one room cabin built on a point of the island under the Black Duck Pine. I always carry some peanuts in my pocket for these friends of mine and while I write one is running up the screen door of the study coaxing in a language I well understand.

Just as the chipmunk had scampered off to deposit the peanut I had given him in his storehouse one of our island phoebes

lit upon a branch in the pine tree just a few feet away and began its monotonous but welcome call. We have four nests of phoebes on our island. Just now a mother phoebe is nesting in the nest she built of moss and clay under the eaves of my study porch. This will be her second family this year. She doesn't seem to care about my going and coming and is apparently oblivious to the opening and closing of the study door. Birds soon learn where they are welcome. We permit no shooting on the island and try in every way to make our feathered friends feel they are not intruders. We have nesting on the island this year, robins, phoebes, virios, Blackburnian warblers, song sparrows, pine-finches, purple crackles, flickers, blackthroated green warblers, wrens and cedar wax-wings. There are many other species which we have seen here but we are not sure if they have their homes with us.

While the phoebe was chatting with me from the pine bough a mallard duck with her numerous family paddled by. Shortly after the duck family had swum into the bay and out of sight I saw a Merganser Duck with eighteen little ones. What book could hold one's interest amid all these wild and beautiful distractions? There may be those who can read out-of-doors but it is an absolute impossibility for me. I can hear someone intimate that I might be able to read satisfactorily out of doors if I chose light reading. Light reading is light reading out of doors or in-doors and is a waste of life's most valuable thing—time. Of course, much depends on the individual reader. I asked Fritz Kreisler once when I met him on a Pullman about a book I saw him reading. He replied, "Oh, it is just some light reading which I am doing for relaxation." The book was a copy of Horace in the original latin. There you have an illustration of the comparative nature of the term "light reading."

Practically all of my summer reading is done after dark while for over twenty years I have read myself to sleep both winter and summer.

Last year I published in the July issue of the Liberal a list of books that I proposed to read during the summer. Many of those books were finished during the winter. This summer I was more modest in my choice and am going to try and read the following: "Heather Heretics" by Marshal N. Goold, "Imagination and Religion" by S. Parkes Cadman, "Intellectual Vagabondage" by Floyd Dell, "The Art of Thought" by Graham Wallas, "The Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant, "The Autobiography of an Idea" by Louis Sullivan, "The Seat of Authority in Religion" by Martineau, "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy" by Royce, "Education and the Good Life" by Bertrand Russell, "International Anarchy" by G. Lowes Dickinson and "Humanism" by Curtis Reese. I have already read this summer "Two Lives" by William Elery Leonard and "Jude, the Obscure" by Thos. Hardy. I can conceive of no more unendurable world than a bookless one. Every time I attend a director's meeting of the Chicago Public Library I glance up at that great utterance of Milton which adorns the entrance to the "Circulation Room" —"A good book is the precious life blood of the master spirit." No one can have too much companionship with such a book.

— P. B.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

UPTOWN TEMPLE
LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday, Program, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Departmental Meetings, Channing Hall.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Like the other organizations of the church the Woman's Club has no meetings during the summer months. However, various committees are continuously at work on the plans and programs for the coming season's work. Mrs. Max Riley is to be the new chairman of the Educational Department and with her accustomed ability and unusual faculty is arranging a program for the Educational Department which will merit the attendance of every woman in the church. It is hoped that in the September number of the Liberal the complete program for this department may be announced. Endless correspondence and much detail is necessary to perfect the arrangements. Mrs. Riley has distinguished herself on the literary programs last season and the club feels most grateful of her willingness to undertake the chairmanship. At the first meeting in the fall, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, the president, and Mrs. Bradley will give detailed accounts of their respective trips this summer. The former will speak on her attendance at the National Federation of Women's Clubs at Atlantic City and the latter will tell of her experiences as a delegate to the Alliance Meetings at Star Island, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Membership in the Woman's Club is open to all women who are in regular attendance at the church services. Church membership is not required for club membership. The officers of the club will be glad at anytime to furnish information concerning the activities.

—G. T. B.

THE STAR ISLAND MEETINGS

The great summer meetings of the religious liberals of America are now in full swing at picturesque Star Island, twelve miles out in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Portsmouth. New Hampshire. They began on June 26th with the meeting of the Young Peoples Religious Union. From July 10th to July 17th the laymen of the liberal churches will hold a great meeting. The meetings of the General Conference will begin on July 17th and extend to the 31st. The last three days of this conference Dr. Bradley will speak every day. On Sunday August 1st he will preach the annual sermon for the alliance and will speak every day until August 7th at the Alliance Conference. If any of our church or radio friends are in the environs of Boston or Portsmouth during the summer they will enjoy the trip and be most welcome to Star Island. A steamer leaves Portsmouth every morning at 9 o'clock and every afternoon at 1:30. Information concerning the various activities, routes, programs, etc., may be obtained from the Unitarian headquarters at 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The officers and teachers of the church school are busily engaged this summer in the arduous but pleasant task of arranging the curriculum for the season's work. The school will be thoroughly graded beginning with the Kindergarten and extending thru the High School age. A graduation will be held at the close of the year's work with the senior class being welcomed into the work of the church and the other classes promoted. A library in charge of a trained and competent librarian will be at the service of the school and church. Various social and athletic features will be developed. The officers under the supervision of the Superintendent Mr. A. W. Fuchs are exceptionally alert to the needs of a modern well, organized school of religious education and are successfully bringing the ideal to realization in our school. A survey of the

church membership list is being made with a desire that the children of the church members be enrolled in our church school. Some children of our members are attending orthodox Sunday Schools which teach a contrary viewpoint to that held by the parents. Our school has proven as have hundreds of other liberal church schools that the high standards of morality can be successfully instilled into child hearts without the necessity of learning many things which are later to be discarded as untrue and impossible. When the child comes to the mature age of independent thinking emancipation is all the more difficult from the orthodox tradition. A child grounded in the ethics and morality of an Emerson, Martineau, Parker or a Channing as well as Jesus cannot go very far astray.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

By the time this number of the Liberal is off the press the Clear Lake Conference held in Wisconsin will be over. A report is unavailable for this issue. The young people of the country who are interested in the activities and view points of the liberal churches are holding in various parts of the United States these summer conferences of education, recreation and fellowship. The largest and parent conference is held at Star Island, New Hampshire. Young people gather there from all over America. A most auspicious program is arranged. Another unusually successful conference is held at Cedar Point on Lake Erie. The young people of the midwestern district have three conferences, one at Humboldt, Iowa, another at Hanska, Minnesota and another at Clear Lake, Wisconsin. Our Club is affiliated with the Young Peoples Religious Union and our president is president of the Chicago Federation. The programs arranged for these conferences are well balanced and are planned to meet the requirements of a most beneficial vacation program. The stimulus given to the local clubs by the contacts formed at these conferences with representatives of similiar groups is of inestimable worth to the local organizations. In the next issue of the Liberal a comprehensive report will be published of the Clear Lake Conference.

The Temple Club is planning a most attractive program for the subsequent year. A most cordial invitation is extended to the young people of the church to affiliate with the Temple Club.

THE MEN'S FORUM

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Church, Mr. Fred Moore, Director of the Chicago Forum Council presented a plan for conducting a Sunday Evening Forum under the auspices of the Men's Forum of the church. Mr. Newman Dumont, Mr. Thos. A. Harrison were appointed from the Board and Mr. Arthur W. Fuchs from the Forum as a committee to meet with Mr. Moore and report back to the August meeting of the Board of Trustees. The general plans call for a Sunday evening meeting to be held in the Uptown Temple with a nationally known person as the speaker. As suggested this would enable our Forum to have many of the same speakers in the evening which appear before the Chicago Forum at the Apollo Theatre in the afternoon. Plans are in an embryonic state as yet. The Forum will have a more definite announcement later in the season. This arrangement would give Uptown Chicago an educational and inspirational program unexcelled anywhere.

Membership in the Forum is open to men who are interested in a free and fearless presentation of the various religious, scientific, educational, economic, social and political viewpoints.

CHURCH NEWS

The Board of Trustees and the Building Committee have taken no vacations this summer. The regular schedule of meetings have been necessary because of the building demands. By August first the new Temple will be plastered and the finishing begun. Every member of the church ought to be fully aware of the tremendous amount of time and money necessary to such an undertaking. Just now they can gladden the hearts of the Building Committee if a strenuous effort is made to bring all Building Fund pledges up to date. There are some members whose names do not occur on the Building Fund Pledges. Every member ought to be a subscriber if only for a small subscription. Every dollar counts. There are some who ought to add to their subscription. Just now is a crucial time. The Building Committee needs money and needs it badly. Have you done your best? Have you been instrumental in securing a pledge from some of your acquaintances? One member of our radio audience who has never been in our church asked ten of her friends for ten dollars for the building fund. If every member of our church would pledge or secure pledges for one hundred dollars our financial worries would be over. The Board of Directors and the Building Committee for over a year have given unreservedly and loyally, time and money to the Building program. They deserve the support and encouragement of every member of the church. Meetings of committees and regular meetings will be held thru out the summer. Every effort is being made to have the church ready for the Dedication Sunday. To accomplish this every friend and member must work and give.

The ministerial activities during the month of June were as follows: June 6th, Sermon Peoples Church; June 7th, Lecture, Central High School, Kalamazoo, Mich.; June 8th, Board Meeting Peoples Church; June 9th, Commencement, Elmwood Park Schools; June 10th, Commencement, Linden, Michigan; June 11th, Commencement High School, Hart, Mich.; June 12th, Address Dedication, Elgin Masonic Temple, Elgin, Ill.; June 13th Closing sermon Peoples Church, morning, Baccalaureate sermon, High School, Harvey, Ill.; evening June 14th, annual meeting Peoples Church, Edgewater Beach Hotel, June 18th, Commencement address Upsilanti, Mich.; June 19th Left for Black Duck Island, Tower, Minn.

Weddings

June 5. Mr. Allyn H. Crabb and Miss Dorothy J. Fisher.

June 16. Mr. Clarke Venable and Miss Marion Durbrow.

Funerals

June 19. Mr. Charles Mickleberry, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley left Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Tower, Minn., Tuesday July 13th, for the east. Dr. Bradley will preach in the First Church, Scituate, Mass., Sunday morning July 25th and in the First Church, Cohasset, Mass., Sunday evening, July 28th, 29th and 30th he will speak at the General Conference at Star Island, August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th and August 8th he will preach under the auspices of the Sesqui-Centennial committee in Centennial Hall, Philadelphia. They will return to their summer home August 15th and remain until September first when they expect to return to Chicago. The Dedication Plans necessitate their return to Chicago a month earlier than usual.

Dr. Bradley was invited to be the preacher at the University of Chicago on August 8th but owing to his previous eastern engagements he was unable to accept this unusual honor.

Dr. Bradley is receiving many cards from various members and friends who are on vacations. He is most grateful for being remembered. Even the radio friends have not forgotten him. Souvenir cards from a wide diversity of interesting points have been in his mail during the month.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mrs. David Heilborn. Mrs. Heilborn was stricken last October with a serious heart trouble and has been a severe but patient sufferer until her demise on the morning of July 5th. She leaves in her immediate family a husband and daughter, Mildred. For years the family have been loyal friends and constant attendants at the church. The sympathy of the entire church is extended to the family in this hour of sorrow.

During the time between July 13th and August 15th when Dr. Bradley will be in the east and consequently inaccessible for the pastoral duties of the church anyone in need of a minister for the funeral or marriage services may secure the services of the Rev. Fred V. Hawley, minister of Unity Church, 4236 N. Hermitage Ave. Mr. Hawley is a liberal minister who has the same attitude of mind toward religious matters as that held by our church.

Every member of the church ought to be a subscriber to the Liberal. For only one dollar the magazine will be mailed one year to any address in America. You are directly assisting the church budget by becoming a subscriber. The advertisers make the magazine possible, will you not kindly express your gratitude to them when it is possible? Look thru the advertising pages occasionally and patronize those who are helping us keep the magazine in existence. Perhaps you might assist by calling some advertisers attention to our church magazine. Mr. Wm. Saunders, 7028 N. Clark St., phone Rogers Park 0220 is the advertising manager. He will be glad for your co-operation. Mail your subscriptions to Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, 4641 Sheridan Road, the subscription manager. The August and September numbers will be particularly desirable as they will contain details connected with the Dedication Services.

We are gratified to know that the health of Mrs. P. E. Goold who is spending the summer in the east is improving. She plans to be back in Chicago by the opening of the church year.

AFTER TWENTY ONE YEARS

The boy loved the water. Just a stone's throw from his village home flowed the serene waters of a little river. He learned to swim in that river and here it was he had his first boat—a crude flat-bottomed craft. His early years are all associated with this quiet stream. Long before him the Indians had named the river—Shiawasee.

Twenty-one years ago on a warm June afternoon the boy together with several of his friends went to their favorite swimming spot for a swim. He was never happier, then nor now, than when splashing about in the water. He never remembers when he learned to swim and has never been without a boat since he was ten years old. Occasionally now when the cares and problems of mature years weigh heavily he wishes he had kept to one of his early ambitions. If he had he would now be the captain of an ocean liner. The call of the sea is in his blood. Never has he deserted the water. In the winter his present home is on the shore of a mighty lake and from his study windows only the water and sky greet him. In the summer he lives on a little island where the music of the waves plays continuously some melody from the heart of nature.

The June day of which I write was an epoch day in the boy's life. He was fifteen years old and that evening would receive his diploma of graduation from the village High School. The boys of his class who had been together since infancy agreed that they ought to have a swimming party in the afternoon. Just back of the boy's house was the old grist mill. Years before a dam across the Shiawasee had been built to furnish water power for the old mill. Above this dam was the swimming place for the older boys. The younger lads all began their swimming a half mile further down the river in a spot known as the Old Oak Bend. The boy never goes back to the village without making a visit to Old Oak Bend.

On this June afternoon the boys of the graduating class took their swim above the dam. Seven hundred miles and twenty one years are between that afternoon and the afternoon this is being written but the boy can recall as vividly that swim as he can the one he had early this morning. The jollity of that afternoon was softened a trifle by the thought that it was his graduation day and perhaps the last time the boys of the class would all be together again. Now he knows that his youthful fears were well grounded.

That day was the last and its memory is precious. After the swim the boys all went home and prepared for the momentous event of the evening.

The graduation exercises were held in the village opera house. Why it was called an opera house was never questioned. The name seemed proper and appropriate and as such it was indisputably known. There were only sixteen members of the class—the largest one which had ever been graduated up to that time. The class sat on the stage in a semi-circle. Decorations of plants and maple branches were arranged about the stage. The boy was to have one of the orations and he had chosen for his subject "Opportunity." As he sat on the stage that night looking into the faces of his parents and friends it seemed the largest building and the greatest crowd he could ever imagine. He grew exceedingly nervous and could hardly understand his name when the principal announced him for his speech. He remembers distinctly now how he forgot his words and had to be prompted. He remembers, too, the sleeplessness of that night when the humiliation of "breaking down" kept him awake.

After the exercises there were the greetings and congratulations of neighbors and friends. And then the "Good-Byes." However, that which memory has most kindly kept of the evening is the family visit at home when father, mother, sister and the boy gathered in loving conference after the exercises were all over. Then it was that it dawned upon the boy that he had come to a milestone in his life. Things would be different tomorrow.

Twenty-one years have gone by. The boy has seen many changes and passed thru many experiences. Trouble, sorrow, failure, joy and achievement have all come into his life. Twenty one years is a long time in any life.

It is the early morning of another June day. The early morning train which passes thru the village usually goes thundering by refusing to even slow up at the village depot. But this morning it stopped. The station agent and the boy's father were standing on the platform. A considerate general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk railroad who lives in Chicago had given orders for the train to stop and thereby give the boy, now grown to manhood, a few hours more with his father. A two and one half mile ride into the country brought the boy home again.

As father and son drove over the familiar highway the twenty-one years vanished. He was a boy again and home. The boy's mother was sleeping in the hillside

cemetery and he missed her deeply. There are so many things he would like to tell her. Years afterward the boy's father found another kindly and loving comrade and it was as the boy's mother would like to have it.

That evening there was another Graduation Exercise in the same Opera House. It had been told about the village and countryside that the boy was coming home to be the commencement speaker. The class had asked him and he accepted their invitation. For the first time in the history of the local school an alumnus was to deliver the graduating address. The Opera House was crowded. As many more tried to get in. When the boy arrived at the Opera House he saw one of his life long friends leaving because he could not find a seat. The boy had gone to school with the man's children. This dear old friend had been a friend of the boy's father and mother before they were married. He remembered well the day the boy was born. The boy called him back and taking him around to a side door asked a young man to kindly give the elder man his seat. The young man stood thruout the evening and the boy's friend of the other years heard the boy's address.

The class sat upon the platform just as the class had twenty-one years ago—and the boy was just as nervous as he was the night of his own graduation. Some of the members of the class were the sons and daughters of his own school friends. Memories came sweeping into his heart. He could hardly speak. There in that audience sat his father and sister, now a mother of two beautiful girls that will be graduating one of these days. The boy tried to conceal from his audience the depth of his feelings. He was very glad when the address was over. Then there was a surprise for the boy. When he was a student in High School, Will Peek, the editor of the Linden Leader thought the boy would make a newspaper man so he asked the boy's father if he would not like to have the boy learn to "set" type and work in the office. The father thought well of the plan. The boy at first was not especially enthusiastic about it. He didn't like to be indoors whenever there was a chance to be out-of-doors and then, too, the boy did not have an over hankering for work. He would always rather be reading a book or rowing a boat than filling the wood box or carrying in the water. But he went to work in the printing office under the guidance of the famous "Bill" Peek who brought Albert Edward Wiggam to speak in the Opera House when Wiggam was a lecturer on "Lincoln." The boy sometimes wonders now if Wiggam received any of the inspirations for his "The New Decalog of Science" or "Fruits of the Family Tree" from his experiences in the boy's native village. The boy learned almost as much by being a "printer's devil" as he did in school. He worked on an old Washington Hand Press which printed the weekly paper. Mornings before school and afternoons after school the boy "set" type. He learned to like the smell of printer's ink and to this day frequently visits print-shops. The location of the letters in the "case" he will never forget and could set a "stick" of type today just as readily as he did in the years gone by.

The village paper is today edited by a man who is a most successful and enterprising editor. Much experience and wide travel have given him a depth and breadth of viewpoint which is seldom seen in the village editor. Mr. MacMillan, the editor, was the author of the surprize for the boy on this graduation night. He knew that the "stick" with which the boy had learned to "set" type was in the printing office and in daily use. Yet he thought the boy ought to have that "stick." He planned to make the presentation speech himself at the Graduating Exercises but he was attending a

meeting of the National Editorial Association in the west. However, he wrote the presentation address which was very effectively read by Supt. DeGraff of the local schools. At the conclusion of the boy's address the superintendent read the speech and handed the boy the package containing the old "stick" which he had learned to "set" type with so many years ago. The boy tried to frame sentences which would adequately express the depth of his appreciation for the consideration and thoughtfulness of his editor friend. How the boy wished that a little mother he had known and loved so completely could have been in that audience that night! There were the friends that had known him from the first day of his life. They knew all about him and still they loved him.

After the exercises were over the boy greeted old friends for a long time. It was a delight to him that most of them called him by his given name. Their attitude after twenty-one years was fine and splendid. When some of the buffoons of contemporary literature flippantly make unkindly remarks about rural people the boy's heart is stirred for he knows that some of the most loyal and sacrificing people to be found anywhere are the farmer and village folk of this country. The boy is proud of coming from such an heritage and when he gets too tired of the glamor and veneer and noise of a big city he is going back home to stay and there amid the peace and loveliness of a Michigan village nestling along the banks of a little river he will often think of June, 1905, and the June of twenty one years after.

—P. B.

SAYINGS OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS

Being once asked what advantage philosophers have, Aristippus replied, "Should all laws be repealed, we shall go on living as we do now."

When Socrates looked at the multitude of wares exposed for sale, he would say to himself, "How many things I can do without."

An ignorant rich man, Diogenes used to call, "The sheep with the golden fleece."

When Antisthenes was asked what advantage had come to him from philosophy, he replied, "The ability to hold converse with myself."

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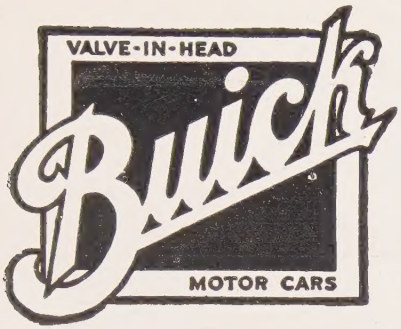

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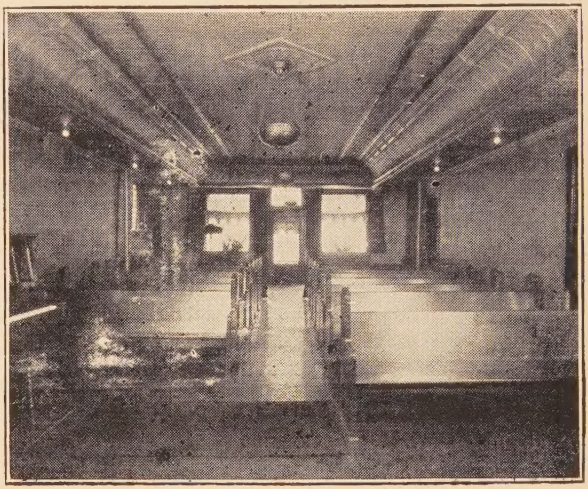

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